THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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{ CLUBS.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS SEE PROSPECTUS ON NEXT PAGE. }

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1853. WHOLE NO. 1656.

Original Poetry.

THE FELON.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY ISAAC JENKINSON.

An erring one lay dying, in a prison damp and drear,
No kindly heart was near him or friendly voice to cheer,
But the dark impatient glances of the keeper coldly shone,
Unconcerned by the sorrow of the felon's dying groan.
'Twas a truant one, whose wanderings from virtue and from truth,
Had brought him thus to judgment in the spring tide of his youth,
And ere his broken spirit to eternal realms would roam,
He would send a parting message to the stricken ones at home.

"Oh! tell my aged father, though the counsellings he gave,
Were lost upon his worthless son, who would not let them save,
Who, with wild and reckless feet, in paths of sin and shame,
Has covered with dishonor that father's spotless name;
Tell, ever to his wayward heart, his father's love has been
The polar star that guided him from paths of deeper sin,
And ere he sinks dishonored to a felon's darksome grave,
The father's full forgiveness, with repentant tears, would crave.

"And tell my stricken mother, though her heart is rudely riven,
Her wild and sinful son still hopes by her to be forgiven;
Oh! tell her, when his spirit sank amid the chilling gloom
That circles o'er, with sick'ning dread, the wretched felon's tomb,
He had no thought more filled with fear, none fuller of despair,
Than that his mother's earnest love might e'en forsake him there;
Oh! tell her, when her erring son lies cold beneath the sod,
To name him, as she ever has, when bowing unto God.

"And tell my darling sister, when her brother's name is heard
No longer in the household band—a strictly banished word,
To cherish still his memory, as when in youth we played
Along the summer streamlet's side, beneath the birchen shade;
And tell her that her brother's heart has never been untrue,
But throbs with the same earnest love his early childhood knew,
And now, while sinking to a grave where all is dark and dim,
He prays that she will ever love and kindly think of him.

"But there is one, so deeply wronged, I dare not speak her name,
Whose heart, 'mid every dark disgrace, has clung to me the same;
Oh! would that I could press her now unto my aching heart,
And hear, forgiven of my wrongs, her blessing ere we part;
Oh! tell her, when the gloom of death was gathering o'er my head,
My latest wish was that she still would love me when I'm dead,
Oh! tell her"—but his trembling voice no utterance could give,
For, with her loved name on his lips, the felon ceased to live.

Fort Wayne, Ind., 1853.

Original Novelet.

MISS THUSA'S SPINNING-WHEEL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ,
AUTHOR OF "EOLINE," "LINDA," "MARCUS WARLAND," ETC.

[illegible]

with business, and perplexed with anxiety, had seemed careless and indifferent, but who, as life waned away, had shown the tenderness of love's early day, and who she knew would mourn her deeply and *long*. There was her noble, handsome, warm-hearted, high-souled boy—the object of her pride, as well as her affection—he, who had never wilfully given her a moment's pain,—and though his irrepressive sighs and suffocating sobs she would have hushed, at the expense of all that remained of life to her,—there was still a music in them to her dying ear, that told of love that would not forget, that would twine in perennial garlands round her grave. Poor little Helen, as she looked at her pale, agonized face, and saw the *terror* imprinted there, she remembered what she had once said to Miss Thusa, of being after death an object of *terror* to her child, and she felt a sting that no language could express. She longed to stretch out her feeble arms, to fold them round this child of her prayers and fears, to carry her with her down the dark valley her feet were treading, to save her from trials a nature like hers was so ill-fitted to sustain. She looked from her to Mittie, the cold, insensible Mittie, whose large, black eyes, serious, but not sad, were riveted upon her through the white fringe of the curtain, and another sting sharper still went through her heart.

"Oh! my child," she would have said, could her thoughts have found utterance, "forget me if you will,—mourn not for me, the mother who bore you,—but be kind, be loving to your little sister, more young and helpless than yourself. You are strong and fearless,—she is a timid, trembling, clinging dove. Oh! be gentle to her, for my sake, gentle as I have ever been to you. And you, too, my child, the time will come when you will *feel*, when your heart will awake from its sleep—and if you only feel for yourself, you will be wretched."

"Why art thou cast down, oh! my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me?" were the meditations of the dying woman, when turning from earth, she raised her soul on high. "I leave my children in the hands of a heavenly Father, as well as a mighty God—in the care of Him who died that man might live forevermore."

But there was one present at this scene, who seemed a priestess presiding over some mystic rite. It was Miss Thusa. Notwithstanding the real kindness of her heart, she felt a strange and intense delight in witnessing the last struggle between vitality and death, in gazing on the marble, soulless features, from which life had departed, and composing the icy limbs for the garniture of the grave. She would have averted suffering and death, if she could, from all, but since every son and daughter of Adam were doomed to bear them, she wanted the privilege of beholding the conflict, and gazing on the [illegible]

[illegible]

"May God guide and sustain me," he cried, pausing and looking upward.

"May I go, sir," asked Mittie, who had been watching her father's varying countenance, and felt somewhat awed by the deep solemnity and sadness that settled upon it. Her manner, if not affectionate was respectful, and he illumined her with a gleaming hope that the clue to her heart's labyrinth—that labyrinth which seemed now closed with an immoveable rock, might yet be discovered. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Our Picture Gallery.

MONUMENT TO SIR WALTER SCOTT.

ERECTED BY SUBSCRIPTION IN THE CITY OF EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND.

Selected Articles.

HYMN TO THE SETTING SUN.

[The following fine lines are the production of the late and much lamented Robert Gilfillan, and appeared originally in the Glasgow University Album:]

Sun of the firmament! planet of wonderment!
Now thy far journey of day it is done;
Still art thou parting bright—shedding immortal light
Down on thy throne of night—hail! setting sun!

Now thou departest away—far from the realms of day,
Lingering in pity on summer's loved bowers;
Thy last ray is streaming—thy farewell tint gleaming,
Yet soon thou'lt return to refreshen the flowers.

Thy parting brings sadness—yet nations in gladness
Are waiting to worship thee—fountain of light!
Where'er thy foot-steps be, "hope do we beauty see,"
Thou kindlest day in the dwellings of night!

Where sleeps the thunder—there dost thou wander,
Down 'neath the ocean deep, there dost thou stray,
Kissing the stars at morn—high in the air upborne,
Skirting creation's far verge on thy way!

Grandeur and glory—they travel before thee;
Brightness and majesty walk in thy train!
Darkness it flies from thee, clouds may not rise to thee,
When thou awakest from the ocean again.

All own thy influence—kindly thou dost dispense
Blessings o'er nature, where'er its bounds be;
Afric's lone desert, it blooms at thy presence;
And Lapland is turned into summer by thee!

Time cannot conquer thee—age cannot alter thee,
Years have no power to limit thy sway;
Strength and sublimity—still they attend on thee,
Pilgrim of ages, but not of decay!

Sun of the firmament! planet of wonderment!
Now thy far journey of day it is done;
Still art thou parting bright—shedding immortal light
Down on thy throne of night—hail! setting sun!

Foreign Letter.

GERMAN UNIVERSITIES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I proceed to fulfil the promise in my last, to give some account of the University in this city (Gottingen) and of the facilities for study which one enjoys here. What strikes one most forcibly in the institutions of learning in Germany, is the wide range of study they present, and the provision which they make for thoroughness in every branch. Students here are receiving instruction in Mining, "Forstwissenschaft" or Forest Science, Agriculture, Veterinary Science, Medicine, Surgery, Pharmacy, Law, Political Economy, Mathematics, Natural Science, in all its branches, Philology, Metaphysics, Theology, Riding, Dancing, Singing, Drawing, Engraving, and (I reserve the most important to cap the climax) Fencing. All these are connected with and under the control of the government of the University. The collateral aids to study are an extensive cabinet of Natural History, collected principally under the auspices of the celebrated Blumenbach; a botanical garden, rich in native and exotic plants, admirably arranged for study, and under the direction of an excellent, attentive and communicative botanist; and a library of nearly four hundred thousand volumes, probably the richest in English works of any on the continent. To this the student has free access, with liberty to take books from it to his study. The teaching force of the University consist of forty-five ordinary, and twenty-four extraordinary professors, with thirty-eight private teachers. Among the former are some of the most eminent men of Germany in the respective departments; Lucke and Giesler as theologians; Ewald, second to none in the world, as an oriental scholar; Ritter as Metaphysician; Wöhler in Chemistry, and last, but by no means least, Gauss in Mathematics and Physics. The expenses of the student are much less than in America. In the medical department, the fee for each course of lectures is two louis d'ors, or about $8 50 per term of five months. In the theological, law, and philosophical departments, the latter being the great reservoir into which everything is thrown that does not properly belong to either of the others, the fee is a louis d'or. Many courses of instruction are entirely free. Private tuition can be had in almost every study for two louis d'ors per term.

I may take the chemical department as an illustration of the cheapness with which we may study here. The student may be in the laboratory from eight in the morning till five in the afternoon, and for five hours of the day have the personal attention of Professor Wöhler, a man who stands among scientific men as high as any chemist in Europe. At all times he may have the advice and aid of the two assistants in the laboratory, both of whom are well "posted up," to use a mercantile phrase, in the science. For these facilities one pays about $17 per term. This is the only laboratory in Europe, as far as I know, where a man of equal scientific eminence of Professor Wöhler, gives his close, personal attention for so large a part of his time to his students. Beside the outlay of which I have spoken, most students find it more convenient to provide themselves with some of the most indispensable articles in the laboratory, but with $30 annually, one may cover all the expenses necessary to a profitable pursuit of the science of chemistry. I may say, however, that few Americans limit themselves to this amount, as most make outlays for apparatus which they take home. It will be seen then that providing for the mind is not a very expensive process. Providing for the body demands a little more of the "needful;" but it, too, is far from being expensive. One may have the best rooms in the city for 12 or 15 dollars per term. For this sum he obtains a neatly furnished sitting-room or study, and a bed-room provided with two beds, in true German fashion, one to sleep on, the other to sleep under. It is true, one must be satisfied with less than the luxuries that he finds at the Girard House, but he meets with comfort and cleanliness. I felt a slight twinge of conscience as I wrote the last word, but I have become a little tolerant. Landladies here cannot understand the fastidious notions of an Englishman or an American on the subject of bed linen, and instead of wasting argument upon them, it is best to give your laundress a few cents extra per week, and have the matter under your own control. Your breakfast and tea, and everything appertaining thereunto, are provided by the people with whom you live, and charged at prime cost. Your dinner may be had at a hotel, or you dine *ashantee*. A man dines *ashantee*, when he has his dinners brought to his room. About noon, wherever you go, you meet "Madcheons" running about the streets, with tall cylinderical baskets containing four or five deep dishes filled with the good things of this life. If you dine at the table d'hote of the best hotel in town, you pay $5,25 per month. You may dine very respectably *ashantee* style for $3 per month. American students generally prefer to dine at a hotel. They think that eating twice a day with no company but your own shadow, is enough to satisfy the most ardent lover of solitude. The student will find books quite as costly here as at home, and in this respect Göttingen is a less favorable place for study than Berlin or Leipsic; and if I am permitted to form an opinion from the testimony of others, I should say this is the only point on which the latter may claim a superiority over this city.

If I were asked what sum is required for a year's study here, I think I might safely reply that $300 was a liberal allowance. One can get along very comfortably on $250. This, of course, does not include travelling expenses during vacation, if one wishes to travel, nor outlays for books, &c. One can very easily spend a great deal more, if he prefer devoting his time to the duelling-room to passing it in the library, if he frequent beer houses more than lecture-rooms—for such as one, I have no certain data upon which to base an estimate.—I can only say, that they charge a high price for very poor beer. A man can become stupidly drunk on lager beer for one-third less money in Philadelphia than in Gottingen.

The number of students at the University at present is about seven hundred, of whom nearly four hundred are Hanoverians. This is a much smaller number than frequented it thirty or forty years ago. In 1817, there were about eighteen hundred, but an unfortunate collision between the military and the students, which resulted in the death of several of the latter, led them to abandon the University in a mass. It has never recovered from the blow. The dissensions between the Professors and King Ernest on his accession to the throne, which terminated in the expulsion of seven of the most distinguished and liberal members of the Faculty, gave it another shock, from which it has not recovered, though the King was obliged, during the troublous times of 1848, to permit their return.

Gottingen seems always to have been a favorite resort for American students. This Winter we have had fourteen here, eight of whom are at work in the laboratory of Professor Wohler. I doubt whether there is a laboratory in Europe that presents a parallel to this, more than one-third of the tables occupied by Americans.

One need not spend a long time in Germany to be convinced that the patience and perseverance of the German student is characteristic of individuals, and not of the mass. You daily see men upon the wall, who realize all your conceptions of a "walking dictionary;" whose motions seem to be regulated by some external galvanic agency, for their minds appear to have remained in their rooms. But where you see one of these, you find twenty whose highest ambition is to curtail the fair proportions of an antagonist's nose, to give him a scar two inches long and as wide as your finger across his cheek, or leave him minus an eye. The devotees of the practical sciences are generally very industrious. My conviction of the idleness of others, who come here professedly to study, is based more upon observation than intimate acquaintance with any of the idlers. Let me give the facts from which I draw my conclusions.—About one-fourth of the students are members of "Chors," or associations for the promotion of duelling. A man who has connected himself with one of these, has little time for anything else, if he wishes to do himself credit and do justice to the important office which he has assumed. If he is a "Fox," or member for the first year, he has enough to do in waiting upon his "Bursch," or full-grown fox, and in practising two or three hours daily in the fencing-school, so that he, too, may have the glorious privilege of fighting and being fought. Then the young fox may have a weak head, unable to stand four, five or six bottles of beer, and the midnight debauch calls for the noontide sleep. Moreover, he must be present at all the duels, so that he may nurse his skill and courage by the sight. When it is remembered that the number of duels fought amount, on an average, to nearly three daily, it will be seen that this requires no little time. By the way I may as well remark, that eleven is the highest number fought in one day during this semester. Taking all these things into consideration, it will hardly be expected that a member of a "Chor" shall study a great deal. Another fourth of the students are members of other associations. These have advanced beyond the folly of wishing to mar the beauty of a fellow student's face, often a matter of no small difficulty. These associations are held together by the cohesive power of a love of beer. Three nights in each week they meet, not for literary or scientific purposes, but to play cards and drink beer. They have certain rules and regulations, having special reference to the manner, quantity and time of drinking. It is a document of about the size of the Constitution of the United States, and in the eyes of many students is vastly more important. Many of these combinations call themselves "Progress Associations." The most marked progress which they seem to exemplify, is from the state of a sober man at eight in the evening, to that of a noisy, stupid drunkard at one or two in the morning. The remainder of the students are "wild," as those are called who are not members of any association. It is among the wild students that most of the studying is done, though I am assured by those who ought to know, that even among the others, notwithstanding the unfavorable circumstances by which they are surrounded, respectable advances are made. If it is a fact, it is a remarkable instance on a small scale of the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties.

Such is a meagre, but, as far as it goes, a fair account of study and students in Göttingen. Doubtless there are redeeming qualities and extenuating circumstances in the roughest, idlest and most worthless of these associations, to give a bright side where I have only painted the shadow, and some day, when I am in the humor, I may try my hand with another pencil. Let me add, as a conclusion, that in respect to duelling, Göttingen is not to be taken as a type of a German University. It enjoys a bad preeminence in this respect.

C. G.

Clippings.

☞ We were rusticating a few days since at a farm house, says a Western editor, and invited a young lady to favor us with a tune on the piano. Her music-book being in an adjoining room, her brother, a young gent of some fourteen summers, was requested to go for it. After the lapse of a few moments he returned and placed an egg on the music-stand. On being asked what that was for, he replied that it was the "lay of the last minstrel," and that the composer was singing in honor of her production in the fowl-house.

☞ FUNNY.—A couple of ladies, of dusky hue, called at an apothecary shop in Bowdoin Square, recently, to buy some "flesh-colored court plaster." The attendant produced a roll of white plaster, and was about to cut off sixpence worth, when one of the maidens interrupted him by asking, "Do you call that flesh colored, sir?" The polite apothecary, being previously abstracted in a pill mystery, looked up, took the hint, and instantly furnished a *flesh* colored plaster.

☞ A noted chap once went into the sanctum of an editor, and indulged in a tirade against a citizen, with whom he was on "bad terms." "I wish," said he, "that you would write a very severe article against B——, and put it in your paper." "Very well," was the reply, and after some conversation the visitor went away. The next morning he came rushing into the office in a violent state of excitement. "What did you put into your paper? I have had my nose pulled, and been kicked twice." "I wrote a severe article, as you desired," calmly returned the editor, "*and signed your name to it.*"

☞ Two travellers being robbed in a wood, and tied to trees some distance from each other, one of them in despair, loudly exclaimed:

"Oh! I'm undone!"

"Are you?" said the other, "then I wish you would come and undo me."

☞ If you wish to make yourself a favorite with your neighbor, buy a dog and tie him up in the cellar at night. They won't sleep any all that night for thinking of you.

☞ A remarkable example of the laconic style has recently taken place, which would put Leonidas and his countrymen to shame. An Edinburgh Quaker sends to a brother Quaker, in London, a sheet of letter paper, containing nothing whatever in the writing way, save a note of interrogation thus: (?). His friend returned the sheet, adding for a sole reply an 0. The meaning of the question and answer is as follows: "What news?" "Nothing."

☞ It is a little singular that, of five of the Presidential candidates—one, Webster, is dead; another, and the successful candidate, lost his little boy, soon after his election, by a most distressing accident, and his own and wife's lives were saved almost miraculously; while the third, fourth and fifth, viz.: Fillmore, Cass and Douglass, have each had to mourn the loss of their wives since the canvass. Surely, death strikes in high places.—*Portland Advertiser.*

☞ A PUZZLE FOR LAW STUDENTS.—In the case of Westby vs. Catcher and Skinner, sheriffs of London, for the escape of Bustard, reported by my Ld. Coke, (3 Coke, R. 71,) it was decided that "the law doth adjudge one, who remains in prison, to escape," and if "one, who is in execution, breaks the prison and go at liberty, it is no escape."

☞ He only is a great man who can neglect the applause of the multitude, and enjoy himself independent of its favor.

☞ The nearest way to honor is for a man so to live that he may be found to be that in truth which he would be thought to be.

☞ A dozen very curious pins, composed of copper and zinc, for fastening dresses, and a silver tray of peculiar construction and workmanship, supposed to be about 500 years old, have been found in the body of the timber bridge which spans the Ness, at Inverness.

☞ Let the rules of art become a second nature to the poet; let him succeed in applying them as moral laws are naturally applied by a well-educated man, and then imagination will recover all its power and all its freedom.—*Schiller.*

☞ Childhood has a thousand beauties and attractions, but the choicest among them is laughter. Who can laugh like a child?

☞ A good man's heaven commences here. The same may be said of a wicked man's hell. To taste of paradise, all that's necessary is to taste of virtue. There's more sunshine in one good act, than in all the solar systems ever invented.

☞ The man who tied a knot in a *cord* of wood, wishes to know if you ever heard a haycock *crow*. The principal reason why astronomers are opposed to the "Maine Law" is, that it interferes with *siderial* observations.

☞ An illiterate correspondent, who is given to sporting, wants to know when the "Anglo-Saxon race," so much talked about, is to come off?

☞ There is but one way of being correct, and agreeing with every body; it is to say nothing that can be of any possible use to any one.

☞ AS IT SHOULD BE.—In one of our weekly contemporaries, we observe the "Railway Intelligence" is inserted next to the "Obituary."—*Punch.*

☞ DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.—I could never divide myself from any man upon the difference of an opinion, or be angry with his judgment for not agreeing in that from which within a few days I might dissent myself.—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

☞ A woman in Dutton, N. H., recently became the mother of four live, bouncing boys, at a single birth. At the latest advices, the whole crowd were doing not only "as well as could be expected," but rather better. The Boston Courier is authority for the announcement.

☞ It is both significant and instructive to notice upon what charges the Saviour was put to death. According to what is believed to be a true copy of the sentence rendered by Pontius Pilate, the grounds of condemnation were these:—

1. Jesus is a seducer (probably from the established creeds and State).
2. He is seditious.
3. He is the enemy of the law.
4. He calls Himself falsely the Son of God.
5. He calls Himself falsely the King of Israel.
6. He entered into the temple, followed by a multitude bearing palm branches in their hands.

☞ The New York Day Book has *manned* its composing room with women, and says they succeed admirably with the stick. How much better for them than making pantaloons for 12½ cents.

☞ The best defence of lying that I ever remember to have read, is the remark of Charles Lamb, related by Leigh Hunt, that "Truth was precious, and not to be wasted on every body."

☞ A distinguished American poet, lately resident in Italy, said the other day, "*There is not one contented man in the whole Peninsula.*" Another traveller has observed that "one-half of the Continent is in arms to keep the other half in prison."

☞ A Western editor, in answer to the complaint of a patron that he did not give news enough, advised him when news was scarce, to read his Bible, which he had no doubt would be new to him!

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1853.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 *in advance*, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

4 Copies,		$5 00 Per Annum.
8	" (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$10 00 "
13	" (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$15 00 "
20	" (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$20 00 "

ADDITION TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club, end at one and the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address, when they can do so conveniently.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters must be post-paid.*

Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust our old friends the Post Masters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the Mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show *our* Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so.

OUR NOVELETS.

We shall forward the back numbers of Mrs. Lee Hentz's novelet,

MISS THUSA'S SPINNING-WHEEL,

to new subscribers, until further notice.

For the benefit of strangers who may chance to see the present number of the Post, we may state that, at the conclusion of Mrs. Lee Hentz's novelet, we expect to publish a story called

A STRAY PATCH FROM AUNT HANNAH'S QUILT,

by Mrs. Frances D. Gage, well known to Western readers as the author of certain interesting household sketches, poems, &c. And follow that by another novelet from Mrs. Southworth, to be called

THE LOST HEIRESS; A STORY OF HOWLET HALL.

In addition to the above attractions, we are now publishing a series of

LETTERS FROM EUROPE,

by GRACE GREENWOOD. The series will include "letters from Rome, Naples, Florence, Switzerland, France and England."

Of course, the usual Miscellany of the paper, in the shape of selected stories, sketches and essays from the English magazines, general and political news, &c., shall not be neglected.

THE FOREIGN NEWS.—The news, up to the time of our going to press, is rather unimportant. Sir Lacy de Evans has given notice of his intention to call for the correspondence that has taken place between the British Government and Spain, France and the United States, concerning the alleged Cuba annexation project. Call away, Sir Lacy—our Government, which fortunately cannot keep a secret, probably let that cat out of the bag, so far as our portion of the correspondence is concerned, some time ago. And we should like to see the colors of the rival cats—and the length of their claws.

In the House of Lords, Lord Campbell called attention to the address recently presented by the London merchants to the Emperor of France, which he characterized as an interference with the prerogative of the crown, and a violation of the law of nations. That kind of talk might have done in England, some fifty years ago, but "it is too late," "Me Lud," to use those learned phrases in such a simple matter. According to the law of nations, an English merchant may speak to an Emperor, we suppose—even a French one. And if one may, why not twenty?

It is now said that the Pope refuses to come to Paris and crown Louis Napoleon, on account of the latter rather siding with Switzerland in her difficulties with Austria. The old Pope seems to have considerable difficulty with his spiritual children. All of them are not bad enough.

There are conspiracies and rumors of conspiracies all through Central Europe. Uneasy, again, lie the heads which wear a crown. In Germany we have accounts of a recently detected wide-spread conspiracy; and in Naples, several Swiss soldiers have been found assassinated in the streets, with poignards sticking in their breasts, to which pieces of paper were attached containing the words, "Vengeance of Mazzini." Those Swiss are pretty republicans—they go to the death for their own liberties, but will go just as far to fasten the chains upon others—that is, if any money can be made by the operation. Ah, well, we suppose poor human nature is about the same everywhere—leaving out those bright exceptions, which give us hope of what the men of the future are to be.

Great activity prevails in the Russian army—soldiers on furlough have been ordered to join their regiments—while the fleet in the Black Sea has been placed under the order of Constantine. Of course, Russia means nothing by it—more than to defend herself and assert her just rights, protect Christianity, &c.

A LEGISLATIVE DODGE.—The present Constitution of New York, adopted in 1846, contains a provision that the daily pay of the Legislature always shall cease at the expiration of one hundred days. At the recent session, the hundred days having elapsed, the Legislature adjourned, although its business was left in a very unfinished condition. The Governor then summoned an extra session, enabling the Legislature to receive pay for another constitutional period. To throw a blind probably over the affair, the Legislature has taken a recess till some time in next month. Remarking upon this legislative dodge, the New York Tribune says:—

One of these days, it will begin to be suspected that a man may be quite a shrewd horse jockey or serviceable tapster without being exactly the man for a law-maker. It may come to be asked whether an ambitious youth who never spent a single day in studying and reflecting on the principles of Legislation is fit to make laws, merely because he is "in" with the keepers of two or three popular grog-shops, and so is sure to "put through" his ticket at a primary meeting. It may even be suspected that the State cannot afford to take the greenest sort of apprentices to the law-making business, even at the low price of $3 per day. We know such day is yet at some distance in the future; but this Albany dodge has brought it much nearer than it seemed a week ago. Work and wait.

A SILVER MINE.—An Arkansas subscriber, G. H. Morton, writes to us that he has discovered a silver mine, about half a mile from Brooklyn, which is situated at the mouth of the Big North Fork of White River, Izard County, Arkansas. He says that a travelling chemist and naturalist, who "has been in *all* of the silver mines in Central and South America," is of the opinion that the ore is of the right stripe, extensive and rich. We would caution our Arkansas friend, however, to remember that all is not silver that shines. There is more probability that "those who *call* themselves chemists," and pronounce the silver ore alluded to "iron, copper, or mica," are right, than the travelled gentleman aforesaid, who has had such a very extensive experience.

☞ The Panther Fight in Arkansas, recorded in our news columns, hardly comports with the assertion made by the author of "A Yankee in Texas," that the Southern beasts of prey are cowardly and harmless, so far as man is concerned.

THE MURDERER SPRING.—It is now almost certain that Arthur Spring was the murderer of Rink. He confessed to Mr. McMakin, of the Grand Jury, that he was the first one in the store *after* the murder; accounting in this way for the umbrella which he had borrowed from Rogers being found there. It also is reported that he was well acquainted with Mr. Roberts, of Camden County, N. J., who was waylaid and murdered some years since on his way home. The person who committed the deed jumped into the wagon, rifled Roberts's pockets, and drove back to the vicinity of Camden, where he left the team, and then crossed the ferry. The body of Roberts was found, horribly mutilated, and his pocket-book was discovered in the dock the next morning.

A Mr. Pratt, a grocer, has recognized Spring as the man whose suspicious conduct alarmed him very much one evening, as he was about shutting up his store. Spring followed him behind the counter, but a neighbor fortunately came in, and Mr. Pratt intimated to Spring that his presence was not agreeable.

These revelations prove the necessity of untiring efforts being made after every murder to discover the perpetrator. For if he be not discovered, his success in eluding the officers of the law stimulates him to new deeds of blood. Spring seems to have become perfectly reckless. The evidence of his son represents him as talking of killing men and women as coolly as a butcher would of slaughtering a bullock.

THE STEAM FIRE ENGINE.—We have another letter from our correspondent relative to the Cincinnati Steam Fire Engine. He says it is universally acknowledged that more water can be put on a fire by this one engine than by all the rest of the Fire Department put together. It plays six streams, and gives the beholder a faint idea of the Falls of Niagara. The only danger appears to be that of sweeping off the whole city in a young flood. Probably if a fire were to last long enough, the Ohio River would be emptied of its water; but then, you see, it cannot last long enough. It only takes four men and four horses to manage it, thus occupying the place of some five hundred firemen fully equipped, including one hundred boys and two hundred rowdies. Four more steam engines are to be constructed as soon as possible—whether they will all be allowed to play at once, our correspondent does not mention. We should think it would be dangerous. The inventor's name is A. B. Latta, instead of H. B. Latta. What are our City Councils about that they do not investigate this matter? We wish Mr. Latta would invent us a City Government that would go by steam. It would be a great improvement.

MEXICO.—Santa Anna landed at Vera Cruz on the 1st of April, "All Fool's Day"—rather ominous that—and was received with much enthusiasm. He immediately issued a proclamation, making magnificent promises of what he was going to do for his beloved country. The idea seems to prevail pretty extensively, that he will follow the example of Louis Napoleon, and proclaim himself Emperor. Such a step might be the best for Mexico as well as for himself. We are not sure but that we would advise him to that course, if he should despatch a messenger to ask our private opinion upon the subject. It does seem that Republicanism is fit for those only who are both mentally and morally men; and not for mere children—or worse—in mind and morals. People can be trusted to take care of themselves only in proportion to their knowledge of what is right and politic, and wrong and foolish, and their power of self-control to choose the former and avoid the latter. You may even give a nation, destitute of that knowledge and self-control, its liberties, and it cannot keep them a single year.

MORE EVIL FRUIT.—The Springfield (Mass.) Republican says:

We regret to announce that a lady of Northampton—a lady of beauty, loveliness and intelligence—the mother of six children, the youngest of which is an infant, has become a raving maniac, through the influence upon her mind of the spiritual manifestations. She was conveyed to the Brattleboro Insane Hospital on Wednesday, in such a state of excitement that it took two attendants to hold her.

We do not feel certain that Dr. Beecher is right relative to "demoniac possession;" but we do begin to feel tolerably well assured that the "old serpent" is at the bottom of this rapping business, some way or other. By the Mosaic law, they that tampered with such "spirits" were to be put to death; and what was so wrong as to be punished with death in the early ages of the world, can hardly be entirely right now. We would advise persons of very sensitive and excitable organizations especially, to give the "spirits" a wide berth—if they do not wish to pull up some day in an insane asylum.

A TERRIBLE TRAGEDY.—Simon O. Keeler, son of Judge Keeler, at Decatur, Michigan, recently took advantage of his father's absence to kill his (Simon's) wife, and then kill himself. The husband, wife and father are said to have been very much attached to each other. Rum did it. The Judge, before leaving home, had said to his besotted son that if he would only promise to leave off liquor—knowing that what he promised he would perform—he would give him the free use of his farm, &c., amounting in all to about $500. The son admitted that he was killing himself, but evaded making the promise desired by his father, saying:—"Well, father, I will think it over, and when you come home, we will make it all right." These were the last words ever spoken between them.

NUTS FOR YOUNG ARITHMETICIANS.—We see an account, credited to the Fort Smith (Arkansas) Herald, of a pigeon roost in that State, which commences about 28 miles from Fort Smith, and extends for upwards of 20 miles on either side of the Poteura river, (or *Poteau* river, as it is spelt on our map) to within a few miles of Waldron, in Scott Co. The question now is, how many pigeons are in that roost, estimating it at half a mile wide, and the trees "*pretty considerably thick*" with them? Also, how many bushels of grain will they consume a day—taking it for granted that they all have tolerably good appetites, and can get about half as much as they want? No one but a good scholar, who also is "good at guessing," need try to solve the above questions.

ADVICE TO THE LEGISLATURE OF PENNSYLVANIA.—After you have restored all the rowdy fire companies to service, pass a bill opening the doors of our penitentiaries and houses of refuge, with a special provision for the benefit of that much-injured and calumniated gentleman, Arthur Spring. Then wind up by abolishing our Courts of Justice—for what is the use of such Courts, if their judgments are to be set aside on every idle pretext. We would inform some of the Western members, who probably never have seen an Engine company, that Engine is the Philadelphia mode of spelling "*injin*." An Engine company is often but another name for a company of half-civilized "*injins*."

TO FARMERS.—We see it stated that a "*professorship* of farming" is about to be established at a literary institution in Fairfax, Vermont, with an endowment of $20,000. Of course, we suppose a little practice will go along with the "profession," or else the amount of good effected probably will be very trifling. Agriculture seems to us one of the last things in the world in which faith and works should be dissevered. The test of a theoretical principle in farming, is the Scriptural one, will it bring forth good fruit? If it will not, however specious and philosophical it may seem, it is proof that there is an error somewhere.

MISPLACED SNEERS.—Some of the newspapers are sneering at the merchants and bankers of London, for addressing the people of France on the subject of peace, disclaiming all hostile feelings towards their ancient enemy, and averring their conviction that the welfare of both nations depends on the cultivation of friendly feelings, and the continuance of existing amicable relations. Such sneers show what the Christianity of those who pen them is worth. The Saviour said: "Blessed are the Peacemakers, for they shall inherit the earth." And by the way, that is just what the merchants and bankers of London would like.

KISS AND BE FRIENDS.—The State authorities of Maryland recently paid a fraternal visit to our legislators at Harrisburg. The "hatchet" was buried deeply in mountains of cake, and oceans of "the rosy"—Baltimore and Philadelphia were declared the two great cities of the Continent—the "border war" was pronounced decidedly *over*, and indefinitely postponed—the Union bag was exchanged—and the Marylanders departed homewards full of the conviction that—leaving out Maryland—Pennsylvania was the greatest State between the Atlantic and the Pacific.

THE GREATEST LIE OF THE AGE.—The Russian court has addressed a note to Vienna, disavowing any intention to disturb the integrity of the Ottoman Empire. There probably could not be a greater lie than that uttered, unless Austria were to write back to the Czar that she believed him.

A JUST REBUKE.

We copy with pleasure from the "Daily Register," a criticism on what purports to be a biography of Napoleon Bonaparte, by the Rev. (!) J. S. C. Abbott, in process of publication in Harper's Magazine. While we were ignorant of the many blunders as to questions of fact committed by Mr. Abbott, we have been repeatedly shocked in reading the successive numbers of Harper, at the miserable sophistry and moral blindness displayed in depicting the selfish and unscrupulous career of Napoleon. We agree with the critic in pronouncing Mr. Abbott's history "wholly unworthy of confidence, and unfit, from its immoral tendencies, to be placed in the hands of the young." The "Register" says:

Made up as this pretended history is of readable anecdotes, selected pretty much at random from the innumerable French works on the Emperor—these anecdotes interspersed with fulsome eulogies and conceited inferences by the author—it has attracted many readers, and contributed largely to the falsification of history, and the corruption of the minds of American youth. The reckless ignorance of the author is manifest on every page. In his unscrupulous attempt to deify Napoleon, he not only exaggerates what he did, but attributes to him the achievements of others. Any ragged urchin in Paris could have told Mr. Abbott, that what he calls "the triumphal arches of the Carrousel," and which he seems to think of such stupendous architectural excellence that they could only have been planned by the gigantic, immeasurable, superhuman, marvellous, and godlike genius of Napoleon, have always been thought to disfigure the *Place of the Carrousel*—they are shortly to be removed by the "nephew of his uncle," if they have not already been. The "triumphal arches of the Etoile" and the Pantheon are both ascribed to Napoleon by this unhesitating panegyrist; though Mr. Abbott need only have consulted any intelligent American who has visited Paris, or any guide-book of that city, to learn that Louis Philippe expended millions in elevating those very "triumphal arches," and that the Pantheon reared its dome to the sky years before Napoleon controlled the destinies of France. Yet this pseudo-historian assures us that "thousands of laborers reared *as if by magic*" these arches—and that the Pantheon is "from the hand of Napoleon." The limits of our notice forbid us to go farther into the details of misrepresentation and invention of facts by Mr. Abbott: his imagination in this respect seems inexhaustible.

But our strongest objection to this mixture of fiction, unauthentic anecdote, and fulsome praise, palmed off as history on the American public, by an ex-clergyman, is the low tone of morality which seems to pervade it. We stand amazed at the audacity of the man who represents Napoleon as a Christian, and celebrates his triumph over "aristocratic infidelity;" who ascribes to him tact, courage, religion, generosity, magnanimity, compassionateness of disposition, freedom from demagogic arts, a body and mind incapable of fatigue, the purest sentiment of love, and the most absolute charity; who says that "the power he loved was the power of educating the multitude to intelligence, to self-respect and to comfort," that "the glory he sought was the glory of being the most illustrious benefactor earth has ever known," and that, compared with his own class, "Napoleon stands without a rival, always excepting, in moral worth, our own Washington." Napoleon's ambition, towering as it was, must be allowed to be inferior to the hardihood of his republican biographer. Under Mr. Abbott's pen, the divorce of Josephine, the murder of the Duke D'Enghien, the habitual infidelity to Marie Louise, the crushing political and domestic tyranny which alienated from Napoleon the hearts of the middle and upper classes, and of nine-tenths of his own generals, lose all their harsh colors. Mr. Abbott's skill in glossing over Napoleon's treatment of Jerome's American wife is more lawyerlike than clerical. The daughter of a wealthy merchant of Baltimore was refused permission to land in France, was sent back broken-hearted and dishonored to her father's house, and her husband, who soon became as unprincipled as his brother, given in marriage to the daughter of the King of Wurtemberg. This almost unparalleled outrage would have tasked for its defence the ingenuity of anybody except Mr. Abbott: he passes it over with the cunning plea for the bigamy that "it was deemed essential to the interests of France, that those princes who might inherit the imperial throne should form alliances which might strengthen their power." For these reasons, and many more, we must pronounce Mr. Abbott's story wholly unworthy of confidence, and unfit, from its immoral tendencies, to be placed in the hands of the young.

THE MINT.—We give the following local information a prominent place, as a matter of interest to all who have occasion to use quarter "dollars and dimes:"

There are now at the Mint in this city, nearly $2,000,000, and large accessions are daily received. The Mint is busily engaged in coining quarter dollars, dimes and half-dimes, a large number of which, it is said, will be shipped to California.

The following statement has been prepared by the Director of the Mint, for the information of the public concerning the new issue of bars of gold authorized by Act of Congress:—"The bars of gold, issued by the Mint, are required by law, to contain a designation of the weight and fineness, and these, accordingly, are stamped upon them. The label, which is also glued to the bar, is not of any legal value, but is a mere memorandum of information, which it was supposed an owner might wish to have, namely, as to the contents of the bar in value and as to the nett amount which would be paid if the bar were afterwards returned to the Mint. The label, accordingly, states, first, the gross value, or the amount in dollars, which can be made from the bar, at which value it is paid out to the owner. Secondly, a statement is made of the deduction of one-half per cent., which will be levied for the expense of coining, in case the bar is returned to the Mint for that purpose. Third, the nett amount which can consequently be realized in coin at the Mint. The last amount constitutes the cash value, below which the bars should never be sold, as they can always be realized at that rate at the Mint, and hereafter at the New York Assay Office, for purposes of export, for sale to manufacturers and other commercial purposes. They should have a still higher value, varying according to the circumstances of demand."

In the course of a few months, silver change probably will be as plenty as ever. That's "the good time coming," of which we have heard so much.

GOOD FOR GEORGIA.—They have eighteen Female Colleges in Georgia. That is beginning right—educate the women, and the children are almost certain to be intelligent. We judge that Georgia has made up her mind to be a great State some twenty or thirty years hence. She should see to it, however, that the children are educated as well as the mothers, by providing for a general system of Free Schools. There are few things more certain to our mind than this, that the States which have such systems are bound in the future to take the lead of their ignorant neighbors.

INTELLIGENCE IN HIGH PLACES.—The Paris correspondent of the "Register" says:

The Emperor of Austria is reported entirely recovered. The Pope has sent him a tooth which His Holiness extracted himself from the jaws of St. Peter. This tooth, to be worn on the breast, is to preserve His Majesty from any further violence to his person. It is to be hoped that the Emperor has faith to stand this.

We think the tooth might prove effectual, if it were worn outside a good coat of mail.

THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD COMPANY.—This Company decided, by a nearly unanimous stock vote, to accept the Supplement to its Charter, and subscribe to the Marietta and Cincinnati, Ohio and Indiana, and Springfield and Mount Vernon Railroads.

☞ We note that Louis Napoleon recently promised to the Atlantic and Pacific Junction Company, to "give that undertaking his countenance." All we have to say is that, if he does, it will have henceforward a very ugly look.

POSTSCRIPT.

DEATH OF WILLIAM R. KING.

CHARLESTON, April 19th.

Vice President King, accompanied by his relatives, who had been with him in Cuba, arrived at his residence at Cahawba, Ala., on Sunday, the 17th inst.

His strength had been gradually failing ever since his arrival at Mobile, and on Monday evening he expired.

☞ The Palmer Journal man thus winds off an affecting notice of the death of his Shanghai rooster: "His voice, when heard amidst the crowing of other roosters, was like the trombone in an orchestra of violins, or the bass of rumbling thunder amid the hum of a dozen spinning-wheels:

"Farewell, faithful servant, a lasting farewell;
From thy fate let all roosters take warning—
No more will thy voice in a long and loud swell,
Awake us to get up and go to work, about half-past five o'clock in the morning."

☞ The Express train on the Hudson River Railroad, recently made the passage from New York to Albany, one hundred and fifty miles, in one hundred and seventy-one minutes.

☞ ENERGETIC ACTING.—Forrest, performing at Boston, in pulling out old Lear's gray locks, tore off his wig, and showed a very respectable crop of black hair on the aged King.

☞ Mullony says he has two suits—one of satinet, the other of law; he is wearing out the first, and the other is wearing him out.

☞ It is stated that a man residing at Kartertown, Jefferson County, keeps five thousand hens in a ten acre lot, with large suitable buildings all around, for their lodging, setting, and rearing chickens.

New Publications.

THE SHADY SIDE; OR, LIFE IN A COUNTRY PARSONAGE. By a Pastor's Wife. A truthful and touching story, narrating with earnest feeling the trials of a man of fine abilities and finished education, whose conscience has called him to the unappreciated labors of a country pastor. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co.

SIMON KENTON; OR, THE SCOUT'S REVENGE. By James Weir. A historical novel of border life and scenes. Published by Lippincott, Grambo & Co., Philadelphia.

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. From the First Settlement to the Peace with Mexico, in 1848. By William Grimshaw. Revised and Corrected, with Additional Chapters, by A. H. Grimshaw, A. M., M. D. Published by Lippincott, Grambo & Co., Phila.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF THOMAS GRAY. Edited, with a Memoir, by Henry Reed, Professor of English Literature in the University of Pennsylvania. A handsome edition. Published by Henry Carey Baird, Phila.

THE DYER'S INSTRUCTOR. By David Smith, Pattern Dyer. This volume comprises practical instructions for Dyeing Silk, Cotton, Wool, &c., &c. Published by Henry Carey Baird, Philada.

PERFUMERY: ITS MANUFACTURE AND USE. From the French of Celnart, and other Late Authors. By Campbell Morfit. Published by Henry Carey Baird, Phila.

THE BOURBON PRINCE. The History of the Royal Dauphin, Louis XVII. of France. This little volume has been derived from the large work of De Beauchesne, being a condensation of that portion which bears directly upon the personal history of the Dauphin. The death of the Dauphin is accepted as a historical fact, established by De Beauchesne beyond any chance of doubt. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; and for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Phila.

THE LOVERS STRATAGEM; OR, THE TWO SUITORS. By Emilie Flygare Carlen, author of "Iva, or the Skjuts-Boy." Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; and for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

FITZGERALD'S GRAND MARCH. Composed and Dedicated to Col. Fitzgerald, by Thomas a' Becket, of the Walnut St. Theatre. For sale at the music stores generally.

YUSEF; OR, THE JOURNEY OF THE FRANGI. A Crusade in the East. By J. Ross Browne, author of "Etchings of a Whaling-Cruise," "Crusoe Life," &c. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; and for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia. We extract the following as the Eastern view of the beneficial results of polygamy:—

Woman is an evil at best—indeed, I may say, the root of all evil. Now, your excellency knows, that by mixing two or more poisons together, a very harmless beverage may be produced. We consider that if a man be afflicted with a quarrelsome wife, who poisons his happiness, the best thing he can do is to get some more poison, and mix the two together; if two poisons won't answer, he should mix an additional number in the same way. The remedy is certain to effect a cure. When a woman has two or three fellow-wives to quarrel with, she can't spare much time to quarrel with her husband. Let a man act discreetly, and profess to love one a little better than another whom he originally professed to love best, and there will soon be a very lively state of hostility between the ladies of his household. While they are fighting, he can take it easy, and smoke the pipe of peace. That, sir, is the philosophy of combining evils; curing a wound by making another; the true principle of counter-irritation.

EXAMINATIONS OF DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS, &C., AS TO THEIR PURITY AND ADULTERATION. By C. H. Peirce, M. D., Examiner of Medicines for the Port of Boston. Published by Henry Carey Baird, Philada.

THE OLD MAN'S BRIDE. By T. S. Arthur. We have been able only to glance through this volume, but should think it was in the author's best style. Published by Charles Scribner, New York; and for sale by T. B. Peterson, Philada.

SUMMER CRUISE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN, ON BOARD AN AMERICAN FRIGATE. By N. Parker Willis. A republication of a volume greatly admired at the time of its first issue, some twenty years ago. Mr. Willis seems to have been born expressly to write sketches of foreign life and travel. Published by Charles Scribner, New York; and for sale by T. B. Peterson, Philada.

THE POCKET CARPET BAG. A miniature volume of choice selections, designed to be issued monthly by G. K. Snow, Boston.

ELEMENTARY TREATISE ON BOOK-KEEPING. By S. W. Crittenden, Accountant. Published by E. C. & J. Biddle, Philada.

PUTNAM'S MONTHLY. We have received the April number of this magazine, containing its usual excellent array of original contributions from American authors.

THE MISSISSIPPI AND OHIO RIVERS: Containing Plans for the Protection of the Delta from Inundation; and Investigations of the Practicability and Cost of Improving the Navigation of the Ohio and Other Rivers by Means of Reservoirs. With an Appendix on the Bars at the Mouths of the Mississippi. By Charles Ellet, Jr., Civil Engineer. An interesting volume on an interesting and very important subject. It is published, in handsome style, with illustrative cuts, by Lippincott, Grambo & Co., Philada.

REASON AND FAITH, AND OTHER MISCELLANIES OF HENRY ROGERS, author of "The Eclipse of Faith." Published by Crosby, Nichols & Co., Boston, and for sale by Lippincott, Grambo & Co., Philada.

BLEAK HOUSE. We have received the 13th number of this serial from Harper & Brothers, New York.

ELEMENTS OF HEALTH, AND PRINCIPLES OF FEMALE HYGIENE. By E. J. Tilt, M. D., Senior Physician to the Farringdon General Dispensary, &c. Published by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philada. This volume appears to be ably written. We doubt, however, the wisdom of the following advice as to separate beds, so far as the winter season is concerned:—

SLEEP.—The restless activity of childhood is a strong opiate, and soon steeps the child in oblivious sleep, which should be indulged in according to his age. Thus, until three or four years of age, the second sleep is advisable, and when that is relinquished, the child should be allowed to sleep the whole 12 hours, or from 7 at night to the same hour in the morning.—Every child should sleep in a separate bed, for it has been stated by Sanctorius that "so very large are the steams which arise from persons in sleep, that not only the distempered communicate bad qualities to those who are well, but even the healthful, in lying together, affect one another." (Aph. LVIII., sec. IV.) As this may be detrimental to the weakest child, it is well to let them sleep separately; and as much as possible, not to let little girls sleep with grown-up persons. We have often heard Dupuytren ascribe to this cause the habitual state of ill health of some of the little girls for whom he was consulted, and he used to relate that their health often improved merely by adopting the separate bed system. There should be no fire in the bedroom, except in case of sickness. The benefit of breathing pure, cool air during the long hours of the night should not be thrown away; for heat naturally causes the atmosphere to be impregnated with the effluvia of dirty clothes, and of the bed clothes. If very cold, then there may be made, in the day-time, a fire, to be let out several hours before the time for sleep.

Clippings.

☞ This "Old Maid's Farewell to her Mirror," taken from the French of Voltaire, has no pun, but much humor:

"Venus, take my looking-glass,
Since I am not what I was!
What, henceforward, I may be,
Venus—let me never see!"

☞ "Nigger, who am de fuss man dat interduced salt pero imbune into de navy?"

"Dar, now, you's too hard for dis colored individual."

"It was Noah, nigger, when he took Ham board the ark."

☞ Lamartine has recovered his health, and is laboring to pay off incumbrances upon his family estate. The Sultan has agreed to take back the estate granted him in Turkey and allow him an annual stipend in money.

☞ The latest discovery in literary circles is that Miss Elizabeth Wetherel, the popular author of "Queechy," and the "Wide, Wide World," was the daughter of Counsellor Warner, conspicuous in the Drury torpedo affair. On her recent decease her name was discovered to be Elizabeth Wetherel Warner.—*Boston Paper.*

☞ Major Long has been publishing an invention of his to remove *galls* from horses' backs. Now, for our own part, we had just as lief see them sitting there as not—not but what they look quite as well on the sofa.

☞ A pause between words, the parts of which will form a word, is frequently necessary to mark the sense. "Send me in that set of China," said a gentleman to a dealer. "It wants two pieces," said the dealer. "That is a pity," replied the other. "Shall I send them incomplete, sir?" "Yes, send them in complete!" Whose was the misconstruction?

☞ Amadeus, the sixth Count of Savoy, being once asked where he kept his hounds, pointed to a great number of poor people, who were seated at tables eating and drinking, and replied, "These are my hounds, with whom I go in the chase of heaven." He was surnamed "The Happy."

☞ A wrinkle is the *line* by which Time generally travels.

☞ There are ladies who look upon a ball-room as nothing better than an omnibus, that doesn't go off properly unless it is full as it can hold.

☞ If Miss Julia Jones marries Harry Hopkins, the girls say that the marriage will be lucky, because she changes her initials; but if she marries James Jenkins "twon't do—for

"If you change your name and not your letter,
You'll change for the worse and not for the better."

☞ An Irish gentleman, well known in sporting circles for his wit, was accosted by a friend with: "Upon my word, B——, you are riding a good horse." "And why should I not ride a good horse?" "Well," rejoined his friend, "but will he jump *timber*?" "Timber!" replied the other; "faith, he'll leap over your *head*."

☞ What is the difference between "Don't you know!" and "No you don't!"

☞ Shall I thank God for the green summer and the mild air, and the flowers, and the stars, and all that makes the world beautiful, and not for the good and beautiful beings I have known in it? Has not their presence been sweeter to me than flowers? Are they not higher and holier than the stars? Are they not more to me than all things else?

☞ What reason is there for supposing that Joshua, the successor of Moses, had no parents? Scripture says Nun!

He was a man—was born of Nun;
A father, Nun he had before him;
Nun came to life—death came to Nun;
His epitaph—Nun is o'er him.

☞ A scuffle between some Irish laborers lately took place on Putney Bridge, and, a battle royal ensuing, one of the Hibernians was very *neatly* tumbled over. Whilst he was floundering in the water, he loudly exclaimed to his opponent, "Och, you spalpeen, come and hit me *now*, if you dare!"

☞ A lazy, over-fed lad, returning from dinner to his work, was asked by his master "if he had no other motion than that?" "Yes," replied the boy, drawling out each letter, "but it is slower."

☞ A Western editor sums up the peculiarities of a contemporary as follows:—"He is too lazy to earn a meal, and too mean to enjoy one. He was never generous but once, and that was when he gave the itch to an apprentice boy; so much for his goodness of heart!"

HAS FORTUNE frowned, my honest friend?
Don't hang your head so low;
This is no time to falter now,
Up! strike another blow!
Don't sit and groan and grunt and tell
What you have *tried* to do,
But place your shoulder to the wheel,
Strain nerve! *and put her through!*

☞ Our old friend, Mrs. Partington, of the Boston Post, asks, in her well-known, sweet-toned simplicity, if there "isn't some *clause* in the revived statues of Massachusetts against cats?" and adds—"It seems to me there ought to be, for my poor Paul got terribly torn in his flesh and trowsers by one, and for nothing at all, either, but just setting down on her—and the cloth cost a dollar a yard."

☞ Two men go a fishing, one catches a bite and the other a nibble—the latter from a sunfish and the former from a mosquito. Wanted to know—which came out ahead?

Miscellaneous.

THE BRITISH EMPIRE IN THE EAST.

[At this period, when the policy of rechartering the East India Company is becoming a subject of discussion in England, the following sketch of that company, and the progress of British power in the East, from Sharpe's London Magazine, will prove more than usually interesting. A meeting of the bankers, merchants and manufacturers of Manchester, was summoned under the presidency of the Mayor, on the 22nd ultimo, to consider the subject, and the feeling of the meeting agreed with that of the country at large, in opposing the longer domination over 150,000,000 of population, by a Board of four-and-twenty Directors in Leadenhall Street.—*Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.*]

It is Arrian, we believe, who relates that when the Ambassadors of Scythia appeared before Alexander the Great, on his invasion of their country, they addressed him in terms similar to these:—"If your person were as gigantic as your desires, the world would not contain you; your right hand would grasp the East, and your left hand the West, at the same time." Now what was spoken as metaphorically true with reference to the Macedonian conqueror, is actually so with respect to the possessions that England holds, for her footprints are seen on the extreme limits of the earth, and her hands rest on dominions "wide as the poles asunder." History, to the farthermost end of time, will record no more marvellous phenomenon than this, that an island of comparative insignificance, speaking geographically, should rule the destinies of such a territory as Hindostan, separated from her by thousands of miles, immeasurably superior to her in extent, and numbering a population four or five times exceeding her own. In future ages, they who may hear of this extraordinary fact in the history of the world, would naturally conclude that such a country could only be held in subjection by the strong arm of the victor. If such happened to have read of ancient Greece and Rome, they would remember that the phalanxes of Alexander and Seleucus swept over the Eastern world, from the Nile to the Ganges—"making it a desert, and calling it peace;" that the conquests of the Roman Emperors were only preserved by the swords of their cohorts and legions; and, by a parity of reasoning, it would be presumed that England retains her possessions by similar means. But the armies that sustain her power in India are, to a great extent, enlisted from the dark tribes of the country, while it is the moral might of Britain—the power of her intellect, the force of her high name—that causes a willing obedience to her authority.

There is, however, another fact that renders the connexion of England and Hindostan yet more singular, and altogether unprecedented; it is that the one nation, as a nation, does not rule the other, but the governing power is held by a small body of comparatively unknown individuals, influential only because of the position they occupy relatively. The Jewish prophet designated the merchants of Tyre as "Princes;" and in our own day we find a company of twenty-four English merchants exercising the functions of crowned Kings; they, themselves the subjects of a sovereign state, levy taxes, carry on wars, make conquests, and keep possession of large territories, independently of the Government to which they owe allegiance. Nearly two centuries have now elapsed since a charter was granted by Charles II. to the East India Company, to make peace or war with or against any Princes and people, *not being Christians*; and to seize all unlicensed persons (Europeans) who should be found within the limits to which its trade extended, and to send them to England. The greater part of a century passed away without any attempt on part of the English to enlarge their settlements at Surat and Calcutta, when, in 1756, Surja Dowla, Soubhadar of Bengal, found a pretence for attacking the latter city; but Lord Clive, who had gone out to India in the civil service of the company, which he soon exchanged for the military, defeated the troops of the Nabob, at the battle of Plassy, and from that time the absolute government of the English became established, and the sphere of their operations considerably enlarged. Some idea may be formed of the present extent of their dominion, from the fact that the number of troops attached to the three presidencies of Bengal, Madras, and Calcutta, amounts to about 250,000, of whom about one-eighth part only are Europeans, and that the annual cost of equipping and supporting them is not less than ten millions sterling; we could pick out half a score independent sovereign princes of Europe, whose united levies would not furnish such a contingent as this, and whose revenues, if the men could be found, would be inadequate to their support. The Indian navy, too, is on a scale commensurate with the requirements of the company, and is in every way worthy of the men who are children of the "mistress of the seas." How long they who still hold undisputed possession of the country will be permitted to do so it is impossible to say—in 1833, certain portions of the charter of the company, some of those especially which originally invested the directors with absolute authority, were repealed, and another constitution was granted. This, however, expires in April, 1854, and the subject of the British Government then taking the affairs of India entirely into their own hands has been mooted among politicians.

THE PASSPORT SYSTEM.

The following article upon this subject, from the Daily Register, of this city, holds out a rather different view from the general one. The opinion of the editor of the Register is entitled to much weight, from the fact that he has travelled very extensively in Europe. We would invoke the attention of the Secretary of State to the miserable system of plundering American travellers, pursued by certain of our Consuls in Europe, to which allusion also is made. Our national agents in foreign lands should act the part of protectors of their travelling countrymen, and not of brigands. The Register says:

As many of our wealthy citizens are preparing for a Summer tour in Europe, a few words on passports may not be amiss. Every Englishman and American is, of course, entitled to grumble at being required to carry a paper to show who he is. Some carry their discontent so far as to erect it into a principle for which they are willing to become martyrs. They are willing to be incarcerated as vagabonds, searched, escorted by the police, and subjected to indignities of all kinds, rather than have a certificate to their oval faces, pug noses, and pale blue eyes. They stand firm for the right of all travellers to be considered honest men until proved rascals by due process of law. According to them, swindlers never travel, and Governments should take no precautions against their political enemies. A few Summers ago, we heard of a sturdy English captain, who wished to pass the Swiss frontier into France. As he carried no passport, and refused to let his luggage undergo the usual examination, he was suspected of belonging to a band then extensively engaged in smuggling jewelry across the line from Geneva. The authorities intimated that he must submit to be searched; whereupon the irascible captain drew his pistols, and protested he would kill any man that laid hands on him. At the earnest request of his fellow-passengers, he consented to a compromise; his clothes might be searched, but not on him.—"There!" he said, as he successively threw off his coat, vest, pantaloons, shirt, &c., and stood in *naudibus naturalibus*, in the Custom House, "there, look at 'em, and be d—d to you!"

The example of this martyr to independent principles will not be generally followed, but there will be no lack of grumblers. To those who have not yet joined this class, the writer, *who has had a long experience in European travelling*, would say a few words. A passport, properly managed, will be a very great convenience to you. It will, in many cases, expedite your baggage at the Custom House; enable you to make yourself known, in case of difficulty, to your Consul or Minister; facilitate getting your letters at the Post-Office of strange towns; prove your identity to your banker; give you admission to palaces, museums, parks, galleries of art, and other places to which natives are not admitted at all, or only on Sunday or some other stated day of the week. Indeed, if the Governments did not provide a passport system, travellers should petition for one. Its inconveniences are very few. The principal one arises from the illegal fees American Consuls charge for unnecessary visas. A traveller finds himself stopped at some town in the interior of Italy, because some needy wretch who has got himself dubbed American Consul, has made an arrangement with the police not to permit any American to pass until the Consul's visa has been first had—fee two dollars. We could mention more than one place in Germany and Italy, where our Consul's whole ostensible business is to waylay and rob American citizens in this small way. Repeated complaints to the Secretary of State have failed to produce a remedy. It is to be hoped that President Pierce, who has avowed his intention to protect American citizens in foreign lands, will begin by protecting them against useless Consuls and their illegal exactions.

☞ There are now fifty restaurants, and more than twelve hundred private tables of Paris, where snails are accepted as a delicacy by from eight to ten thousand customers. The monthly consumption of this molluscar is estimated at half a million. The market price of the vineyard snails is from 2f. 50c. to 3f. 50c. per hundred, while those from the hedges, woods and forests, bring only from 2f. to 2f. 25c. The proprietor of the snailery in the vicinity of Dijon, is said to net over 7,000f. annually.

☞ SAGACIOUS AUSTRIANS.—After the revolt at Milan, and a few were hanged—an innocent, lame old schoolmaster among the number—the "authorities" in search of the patriots had, it is said, even the coffins opened that passed through the gates. Very natural, this; for where would Austria like to find the remains of Italian liberty so well as in a coffin!

☞ There is a fluent lecturer out in Salem, Ohio, who represents himself to be *Lucimus* Roy, a son of the celebrated Rammohun Roy.

General News.

A PANTHER FIGHT.—The Arkansas *Shield*, contains an account of a desperate fight between a man and two women on one side, and a panther on the other. The fight took place on Beaver Bayou, Philips Co., Arkansas, on the 10th ult. The *Shield* says:

On the 10th, Mr. Grimes had left his house during the deep snow that then lay on the ground, to procure some firewood in the adjoining forest—leaving in the house a sick child, his wife, and her mother. Attracted by the crying of the child, it is supposed, a large and fierce panther approached the door of the house. The imitative note of a child crying drew to the door Mrs. Grimes, most fortunately—for already was the nose of the fierce intruder thrust within the door. By an effort she succeeded in closing the door and shutting out the panther. An alarm was then given by the ladies, which drew to the house Mr. Grimes, supposing his child to be ill, and little dreaming by how fierce an enemy his cabin was besieged.

Judge then of his surprise upon seeing coolly seated upon the step of his door a huge panther. Mr. Grimes advanced and attempted to get possession of his gun which Mrs. Grimes had, opening the back door, brought round to him; crouching, with tail switching and eyes fiercely glaring, the panther watched every movement of Mr. Grimes. At the very moment that Mr. G. grasped his gun, and before he could use it, the panther made a spring at his throat. With great presence of mind Mr. G. grasped the monster by the throat. The panther got the left arm of Mr. G. in his mouth, and victory seemed to be with him. Every muscle of Mr. G. was now strained to the utmost, and a long struggle ensued; the panther was thrown, and by placing his knee on his neck and still retaining the grasp he had on his throat, Mr. G. succeeded in releasing his left arm from the jaws of the panther. They again rose from the ground; Mr. G. never abandoning hold of his throat, had now both of its forelegs grasped in his left hand, he thus kept it at arm's length and prevented it from tearing him with his claws. Victory was not yet with Mr. G., and he still might have met with a Waterloo defeat, had not the ladies, Blucher like, come up with reinforcements. A pair of tongs and a "batting stick," were brought to bear upon the panther. One blow of the tongs sent several teeth down his throat; for so tight was the grasp of Mr. G. that the animal's jaws were wide open. The heroines in this fight (Mrs. G. and her mother) continued belaboring the panther until a blow broke it down in the loins. Mr. G. kept his hold until the panther breathed his last—and firmly believes that he choked the panther to death, notwithstanding the aid given him by the ladies. When captured, it measured 8½ feet from the tip of the nose to the end of its tail. Its skin now hangs on the outer side of his cabin, a trophy of a hard and bloody fight.

FOREIGN ITEMS.—Matilda Hitzfeld, an American lady, was apprehended recently at Heidelberg as an agent of the revolutionary committee, and condemned to six weeks imprisonment.

The Duke of Hesse Darmstadt, alarmed at the emigration, requests the neighboring potentates to arrest any of his subjects attempting to leave without his permission.

The French budget for 1854 has been much reduced.

A deputation of London merchants presented an address to the Emperor, expressing friendly feelings towards France. The Emperor made a very conciliatory reply.

The next day the Emperor received a deputation from the English Atlantic and Pacific Junction Company. The Ambassadors of Peru and Grenada accompanied the deputation, and in reply to the address made by the deputation, the Emperor promised to give the undertaking his countenance.

The Madiais are expected to reach Paris on the 7th, to meet a deputation from the London Bible Society.

The shock of an earthquake was felt at Portsmouth, on the 1st, which was also noticed along the West coast of France.

The Cologne Gazette says that Lord Westmoreland had presented a note to the Austrian government declaring that England would keep an eye on the proceedings of Kossuth, Mazzini, and other refugees, to prevent them from engaging in any more plots, and that if they come within the reach of the law, they shall be immediately prosecuted. The London Police are said to have a list of all the refugees in that city.

The Rev. George Nelson, an English clergyman, has been ordered by the police to quit Rome.

Three hundred persons have been arrested for being concerned in the attempted insurrection at Palermo, and five were executed.

HARD AND SOFT WATER.—A paper was lately read before the Institute of British Architects, setting forth that contrary to the opinion of the London Board of Health, *soft* water instead of *hard*, is injurious to animal life. The position is sustained by numerous facts, showing the low tone of the system, and the glandular affections induced by the absence of lime, in any form, in the water, to be as decided as the excessive development of the sanguine temperament produced by two great a portion of these substances.

EASILY SUITED.—On Christmas eve, a young girl in the district of Inverness, assembled her friends together, to witness the celebration of her nuptials with the lad who had wooed and won her. At the appointed hour, she received the intelligence that her lover had altered his mind. She was about to be attacked with hysterics, when another youth popped the question, was accepted, and the marriage rite was performed.

FREE NEGROES.—The Alton (Ill.) Courier proves by actual statistics that the negro population in Southern Illinois is decreasing. Drawing a line through the centre of Sangamon County, and taking all of the counties south of that line, it is proved by a comparison of the census of 1845 with that of 1850, that while in some counties there has been an increase of negroes, yet the general result is a falling off. [illegible] the State [illegible] than 2,000 [illegible] this class [illegible] of the State [illegible].

SAN JUAN.—When, at Greytown, the British war-steamer Geyser arrived, the authorities waited on the commander with a complaint against Captain Hollins, of the United States sloop-of-war Cyane, but the English commander said he had express orders not to interfere in any matters that the government of Greytown may now propose to execute; but, as the American commander had resolved to protect the property of the Transit Company, he could only represent the matter to his Government.

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

PHILADELPHIA, April 16, 1853.

REMARKS.—The late foreign advices have had little or no effect upon the market. Cotton is held firmly, but the transactions have been moderate. Breadstuffs generally have been very quiet. Flour is held firmly, but the demand for shipment has been limited. Rye Flour and Corn Meal have been in fair request. Wheat has slightly improved, and there is [illegible] for Corn prices are a trifle lower. Coarn is coming forward more freely and [illegible]. Sugar is in good demand [illegible]. Coffee has been in good demand [illegible]. In Provisions there is a better feeling [illegible]. [illegible] New York and Boston. In Freights there are no changes to notice. An immense amount of merchandise is going West by the Pennsylvania Railroad and the different forwarding lines.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—[illegible]

GRAIN.—[illegible]

PROVISIONS.—[illegible]

AMERICAN FABRICS.—[illegible]

BARK.—[illegible]

BEESWAX.—[illegible]

CANDLES.—[illegible]

COAL.—[illegible]

COFFEE.—[illegible]

COPPER.—[illegible]

COTTON.—[illegible]

DRUGS AND DYES.—[illegible]

FEATHERS.—[illegible]

FRUIT.—[illegible]

GINSENG.—[illegible]

GUANO.—[illegible]

HEMP.—[illegible]

HIDES.—[illegible]

HOPS.—[illegible]

INDIGO.—[illegible]

IRON.—[illegible]

LEAD.—[illegible]

LEATHER.—[illegible]

LUMBER.—[illegible]

MOLASSES.—[illegible]

NAVAL STORES.—[illegible]

OILS.—[illegible]

PLASTER.—[illegible]

RICE.—[illegible]

SALT.—[illegible]

SEEDS.—[illegible]

SPICES.—[illegible]

SPIRITS.—[illegible]

SUGAR.—[illegible]

TALLOW.—[illegible]

TEAS.—[illegible]

TOBACCO.—[illegible]

WINES.—[illegible]

WOOL.—[illegible]

FREIGHTS.—[illegible]—*Inquirer.*

CATTLE MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA, April 18.—[illegible]

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1853.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,
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General News.

NEWS ITEMS.

They are attaching stables to all the fire engine houses in Cincinnati, for the accommodation of the quadrupedal members of the department, whose duty it will be to drag the "machines" to and from fires. The pay system just adopted in that city goes into operation soon.

LIGHTNING.—The house of Mr. Chamberlain of Saybrook, Conn., was struck by lightning, ... inst., and considerably shattered. The fluid struck the legs of Mr. Chamberlain, slightly scorching both, and tearing a thick cowhide boot from one of his feet. The foot was quite numb for a couple of hours. The charge glanced to the cradle, in which lay two children, injuring one so severely that its recovery is extremely doubtful.

At the Government sale of old muskets, on Tuesday week, the prices ranged from eighty-five cents to one dollar and twenty for each musket. Eight iron six and twelve pounders were purchased by a New York merchant, at eight dollars each; and the balls were sold to other parties at eight cents apiece. A merchant of New York, engaged in the sale of military goods, made large purchases of muskets; and he and a gentleman connected with the American Colonization Society, were nearly the exclusive successful bidders.

PRICE OF GAS.—A committee of citizens of Charleston have been engaged recently in investigating the price paid for gas in various cities, who report the following as the result of their investigation: New York city, $3 per 1,000 ft.; Brooklyn, $3 50 per 1,000 ft.; Philadelphia, city proper, the works being owned by the city, $2 per 1,000 ft.; Kensington and Northern Liberties, $3 50—reduced recently; Newark, N. J., $3 50; Washington City, $4; Boston, $3; Baltimore, $3 50; New Orleans, $4 50; ...

POTATOES IN OREGON.—The Oregonian gives, as the product of one hill of potatoes grown in a field of several acres, without any extra culture, one hundred and ... potatoes, weighing fifty-three pounds; ... the product of several hills in the ... every thirty pounds to each hill.

The excavations of Nineveh have been re-opened, and a fine bas-relief has been found. It represents Assyrian warriors hunting a lion, and is perfectly well preserved. Some heads of ivory, finely carved, have also been found. It is believed that the chariot of Asshur has been found ... which are very diligent in their researches. The Turks have also begun digging in the tomb of the prophet Jonah, to the great scandal of the more devout Mussulmen.

The great economy of cannel coal for gas is shown by the balance sheet of the Commissioners of Southport, for the last half-year. We observe that the ... cannel now used at Southport yields, ... about 33,000 cubic feet of pure gas, ... in combination with the gas from ..., and can be made to yield 50,000 ... per ton, equal to London gas; ... 1,000 feet of gas unfit for use would have been ... from it by the old process.

It is worth remarking that not a single paper in Paris has given one line of biography or obituary of General Haynau, ... his death has been known here for ... I imagine that few or none were ... his explanations last Summer, and ... significant to see the whole Paris press unanimous in refusing him even the ... notice at his death.

The will of the late Mr. W. L. M. Leschillas, wholesale stationer, of ..., has been proved, and his personal estate alone has been valued for probate at £...,000. He had, in addition, some landed property. The unhappy man labored under the delusion *that he should come to want!*

A girl who, a few years ago, created some excitement in Berlin, by pretending to behold angels, and see visions, has lately been convicted of swindling, and sentenced to punishment.

Lake Superior will soon be connected by an easy navigation with the ... of that region. The contract for constructing the Sault Ste. Marie Canal has been awarded to Erastus Corning, of Albany. The work is to be completed within two years from the time of signing the contract.

The lives of the political prisoners in Cuba have been spared. They were taken to the scaffold and their pardon ...

Grisi and Mario, the celebrated soprano and tenor of the London Italian Opera, are said to be certainly coming to America to sing. They will appear in New York about the beginning of November.

Four miles of copper wire, in one piece, were lately drawn out from a single mass weighing 120 pounds, at Mr. Walker's works, ... to be laid down as a line of telegraph, without a single link.

STAMPED ENVELOPES.— ...

THE "MAD STONE."

Our readers will perhaps remember a paragraph which appeared in our paper, two or three weeks ago, giving some account of a wonderful stone which was said to have the power of curing hydrophobia. We thought the story an extraordinary one, but confess to a large amount of incredulity, notwithstanding the confidence with which the statement was made, and published it rather as a matter of curiosity, than anything else. Friday, however, we were called upon by a gentleman of this county, Mr. Moses B. Womsly, who informed us that he had a "mad stone" in his possession, and that its virtues had been tested in many cases, and invariably with the happiest results.

He says he bought the stone in Boone county, Ky., where it had been brought by a Virginian, who broke the stone in three pieces, giving one of them to each of his three children. Two of them emigrated to Illinois, taking their portions of the stone with them; and our informant thinks the stones alluded to in the paragraph copied by us, are parts of that to which his piece belongs. Mr. W. describes the "mad stone" as similar to a flint, but so exceedingly hard as to resist even the hardest file. The stone is applied to the wound, if recent; or if not, the skin near it is lacerated until it bleeds freely, and the stone then applied. It sticks to the wound until, as Mr. W. says, it has become filled with the poison, and then drops off, when it is washed in warm spring water, or milk, and again applied. The length of time which it remains attached to the wound depends upon the violence of the disease—generally from two to sixteen hours. The latter is the longest time it has been known to adhere to any one, and that was the case of a man who had been bitten by his own dog, and did not have the stone applied for eight days. His son and several of his cattle were bitten by the same dog. The father and son were cured by the application of the stone; but the cattle exhibited unmistakable signs of hydrophobia, and died.

Mr. Womsly we do not know, but he appears to be a very respectable man; and, from his appearance, we should be disposed to place great confidence in any statement he might make in reference to any other matter. He has promised us to bring this wonderful stone to our office, when we may possibly have something more to say about it.—*Cin. Gazette.*

NEW DISCOVERY OF ELECTRICAL INFLUENCE.—It is the general impression among scientific men, that only a small portion of the power and influence of electricity has as yet been developed. One of its recent applications has been the ...

POLITICAL NEWS.

MARYLAND.—An immense meeting was recently held in Baltimore to remonstrate against a bill introduced into the Legislature by certain Roman Catholics, with a view of procuring a division of the public school fund, for the support of schools under the control of that denomination. The Committee appointed to proceed to Annapolis, reported that there was no danger of the passage of the bill.

CENTRAL AMERICA.—The Charleston *Mercury*, commenting on the speech of Judge Butler, made during the recent discussion of the Central American question in the Senate, says:

"It is a speech marked by the habitual moderation and practical wisdom which our Senator has always shown in the discussion of international affairs. It is a reply to the attempt to kindle national prejudices against England, in a case where we have special need to cast off such feelings, and decide on the simple dictates of good sense and politic forecast. This whole Central American question is one of commercial advantage, and not of territorial acquisition, and it is worse than idle to look upon it in any other light. The country cannot be colonized by England, setting altogether aside the danger of collision with the United States.—This is proved by the condition of the Belize, where more than a century of occupation has resulted only in a permanent settlement of about five thousand persons, not five hundred of whom are English. We obstruct instead of advancing the settlement of this question of interoceanic communication, by mixing it up with those elements of national prejudice which never looked so hollow and mean as when they left their proper arena of the stump and migrated to the United States Senate."

OHIO.—The Cincinnati Times, of Tuesday evening week, says, in every ward in the city, true Free School men have been elected to the School Board. The enemies of free education stood no show whatever before the people. The next Board will contain but one opponent to the Schools, and he is Dr. Mudd—a very appropriate name.

HOPE YET FOR THE HUNGRY.—Seven full missions, at $9,000, are said yet to remain undisposed of by the administration. A berth for one Commissioner at $9,000; and for another at $3,000; one for a Minister resident, at $6,000; fourteen for Charges, at $4,500 each; and for Consuls, Postmasters, any indefinite amount.

POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY.—There is a Colonel Dickson, who is just now complaining very loudly of his treatment by the Derby Government, after services alleged to have been rendered to "the party" by that gallant individual. We would recommend to the consideration of ...

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY CHARLES CAMBLOS, STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER.
No. 22 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Monday last. Market closing firm:

	Bid.	Asked		Bid.	Asked
U S 6's '56	107½	109	Southwark	68	70
" '62	114½	115	Kensington	68½	70
" '67	120	120½	P Township	34	35
" '68	120	120½	Girard	14½	14½
" 5s '53	100½	—	Western	68	—
" '65	101½	—	Manf&Mechs	32½	33
July interest off			Bk of Com	69	—
Philada 6s	103½	104	Camden N J	56½	60
" 5s	95	—	Germantown	66	—
" 6s Gas	105	106	Trust Bk Co	36½	—
County 5s	93	93½	Pitts'bg Bk	57	—
Penna 6s	100	—	M & M Pitts	57	—
" 5s	96½	97	Exchange,Pitts	55	—
Kentucky 6s	105	—	Com, Cin	15	—
Tennessee 5s	94½	95½	Louis, Ky	110	111
Illinois 6s	81½	—	Kentucky Bk	115	115½
Cincinnati 6s	103½	—	Northern	115	115½
TexasTNotes	35	40	Union, Tenn	97	100
" bds 6s	65	70	Planters, Tenn	94	100
Schuyl N 6s	84½	85½	Vicksburg	16½	16½
" 1st	53½	53½	Com, Natchez	—	—
Lehigh N 6s	93½	99½	N O Gas Bk	125	126
" 1st Loan	95	96	Schuyl Nav	23½	27½
" Mort 6s	100½	101	" pref'd to	32½	23
C & D C'l 6s	98½	99	Lehigh Nav	82½	83
C & Am R bds	99	99½	C & Del Cal	149	149½
BeaMdw R 6s	85	90	Morris Cl	23½	23½
Susqeh Cl 6s	66	67	Penn&Ohio Cl	—	20
Norrist'n R 6s	99½	100½	Union Cl	15½	15½
Harris R 6s	98½	100½	Cam&Am R	149	150
W & R 6s	95½	96	Penna R	50½	50½
Read R 6s	87	89½	Bea Mdw R	35½	36
" Mort 6s	96	96½	Lytens Val R	15	—
U S Bk Notes	90	—	North Am Cl	16½	17
U S Bk Shares	4½	4½	Susqeh Cl	15½	16½
N Amer Bk	152	153	Norristown R	51	52
Penna Bk	12½	124	Harrisburg R	55	56
Philadelphia	142	145	Wilmington R	37	38
Far & Mec	74½	75	Reading R	44	44½
Commercial	68½	—	Minehill R	75	75½
N Liberty	55½	—	N Liberty Gas	30	35
Mechanics	30½	33	N W Min Co	—	35

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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In fact, as a remedy in PULMONARY DISEASES, no medicine has ever obtained a higher or more deserved reputation.

It is besides one of the most prompt, safe, and pleasant SUDORIFICS or SWEATING MEDICINES in the world; for when given in the commencement of INFLAMMATORY FEVERS, PLEURISY, INFLAMMATION of the LUNGS, CATARRHAL AFFECTIONS, PAINS in the CHEST, JOINTS, BONES, or MUSCLES, ACUTE RHEUMATISM, &c., in doses large enough to cause a *slight nausea*, (at the same time covering up warmly in bed and drinking freely of cold water) it will in a short time produce a profuse perspiration, which, if continued for two or three hours, will subdue those affections at once.

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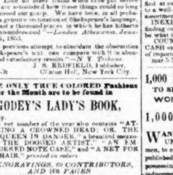
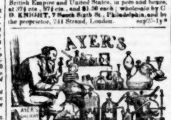




Selected Poetry.

LISETTE.

[The following verses have never, we believe, been printed. Can any one tell us who the author is?—*Lit. World.*]

My light Lisette
Is grave and shrewd,
And half a prude,
And half coquette;
So staid and set,
So terse and trim,
So arch and prim,
Is my Lisette.
A something settled and precise
Has made a home in both the eyes
Of my Lisette.

The measured motion of the blood,
The words where each one tells,
Too logical for womanhood,
Brief changes rung on silver bells.
The cheek with health's close kisses worn,
The finished frame so light,
Such fullness, in a little form,
As satisfies the sight.
The boddice fitted and exact,
The nut-brown tress so lightly curled,
And the whole woman so compact,
Her like is nowhere in the world.
Such knowledge in the ways of life,
And household order, such
As might create a perfect wife,
Not careful overmuch.
All these so moved me,
When we met—
I would she loved me,
Trim Lisette.

What if to-morrow morn I go,
And, in an accent soft and clear,
Lay some these words within her ear?
I think she would not answer no.
And by the ribbon in her hair,
And those untasted lips, I swear
I keep some little doubt as yet.
With such an eye,
So grave and sly,
Looks my Lisette.
What words may show
Me yes or no
Of my Lisette.
The doubt is less,
Since last we met;
Let it be "yes,"
My sweet Lisette.

Selected Articles.

LETTER TO COUNTRY GIRLS.

BY MRS. SWISSHELM.

[In looking over Mrs. Swisshelm's recently published volume of letters, we came across several that either must have escaped us when the series was originally published, or have been added since. The following is one of them:—]

Papier-Mache Furniture, Coral Baskets, and Artificial Fruit and Flowers, Shell-work, etc.

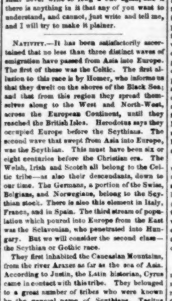
... you wish, then mix quicklime and raw eggs into a paste or plaster, lay a strata of this upon your rock, and stick your shells into it hap-hazard. You will thus have an artificial geological specimen—a strata of shells embedded in limestone, for the egg supplies the place of the animal matter which was burned out of the limestone to make it lime, and it will quickly harden into a substance very like what it was before passing the ordeal of fire. As it hardens very quickly, you can only mix a little at a time and use it immediately. By the way, this is a good cement for mending broken crockery-ware, and even for stopping leaks in metallic vessels; likewise it would make a good substitute for plaster, if this should not be easy to get, in making moulds for fruit.

Dear me, what a long, long letter! Well I shall never write so long a one again, and if there is anything in it that any of you want to understand, and cannot, just write and tell me, and I will try to make it plainer.

NATIVITY.—It has been satisfactorily ascertained that no less than three distinct waves of emigration have passed from Asia into Europe. The first of these was the Celtic. The first allusion to this race is by Homer, who informs us that they dwelt on the shores of the Black Sea; and that from this region they spread themselves along to the West and North-West, across the European Continent, until they reached the British Isles. Herodotus says they occupied Europe before the Scythians. The second wave that swept from Asia into Europe, was the Scythian. This must have been six or eight centuries before the Christian era. The Welsh, Irish and Scotch all belong to the Celtic tribe—as also their descendants, down to our time. The Germans, a portion of the Swiss, Belgians, and Norwegians, belong to the Scythian stock. There is also this element in Italy, France, and in Spain. The third stream of population which poured into Europe from the East was the Sclavonian, who penetrated into Hungary. But we will consider the second class—the Scythian or Gothic race.

They first inhabited the Caucasian Mountains, from the river Araxes as far as the sea of Asia. According to Justin, the Latin historian, Cyrus came in contact with this tribe. They belonged to a great number of tribes who were known by the general name of Scythians. Tacitus calls them Teutons. From this race have sprung the present inhabitants of Westphalia, the island of Britain, the United States, and the English colonies throughout the world.—*Pomeroy.*

Wit and Humor.



"OUR BEST SOCIETY."
Lantern.

A GOOD WRITER.—We recollect reading an anecdote of a young gentleman of a gin-and-water turn of mind and collar, who was determined, in his admiration of the intellectual, not to wed unless the object of his adoration was an accomplished woman and a good writer. A practical old friend of his, who attached a very literal meaning to expressions, told him he knew a young lady who would just suit him.

The introduction took place, and the young gentleman went directly to the point. "Miss ——," said he, "are you a writer?"

"Yeth, thur," replied she, blushing.

"Who are your favorite authors?—Johnson, Scott, Steel, Addison, Goldsmith, or whom?"

"Oh, thur," she naively replied, "I don't know nothing about that, thur—I write small-hand!"

LATE HOURS.—Mr. Barham, author of the Ingoldsby Legends, when a youth, studied with Mr. Hodson, afterwards principal of the Brazen-nose. This gentleman, who, doubtless discerning, spite of an apparent levity, much that was ...

For Housekeepers.

City Scenes.

SERVANTGALISM:

OR, WHAT'S TO BECOME OF THE MISSUSES?

SERVANT GAL.—"I tell you what, Cook, with my Beauty and Figger, I ain't a going to stop in service no longer. I shall be orf to Haustrayliar."

ENGLISH LIBERTY.

The following will do to republish in these days, when our English friends again dread a French Invasion. It professes to be related by Lien Chi Altangi, the Citizen of the World, to his friend Fum Hoam:

A few days ago, passing by one of the London prisons, I could not avoid stopping, in order to listen to a dialogue which, I thought, might afford me some entertainment. The conversation was carried on between a debtor through the grate of his prison, a porter who had stopped to rest his burthen, and a soldier at the window. The subject was upon a threatened invasion from France, and each seemed extremely anxious to rescue his country from the impending danger. "For my part," cries the prisoner, "the greatest of my apprehensions is for our freedom; if the French should conquer, what would become of English liberty? My dear friends, liberty is the Englishman's prerogative; we must preserve that at the expense of our lives; of that the French shall never deprive us; it is not to be expected that men who are slaves themselves would preserve our freedom should they happen to conquer." "Ay, slaves!" cries the porter, "they are all slaves, fit only to carry burthens, every one of them. Before I would stoop to slavery, may this be my poison—(and he held the goblet in his hand)—may this be my poison; but I would sooner list for a soldier!"

The soldier, taking the goblet from his friend, with much awe fervently cried out: "It is not so much our liberties as our religion that would suffer by such a change—aye, our religion, my lads. May the devil sink me into flames," (such was the solemnity of his adjuration,) "if the French should come over, but our religion would be utterly undone." So saying, instead of a libation, he applied the goblet to his lips, and confirmed his sentiments with a ceremony of the most persevering devotion.

A GOOD RETORT.—Campbell relates:—"Turner, the painter, is a ready wit. Once, at a dinner, where several artists, amateurs, and literary men were convened, a poet, by way of being ...

Miscellaneous.

THE FUN OF RIDING IN A STAGE.

Creeping through the valley,
Crawling o'er the hill,
Splashing through the "branches,"
Rumbling by the mill;
Putting nervous "gemmen"
In a towering rage;
What is so provoking
As riding in a stage?

Feet are interlacing,
Heads severely bumped,
Friend and foe together
Get their noses thumped;
Dresses act as carpets—
Listen to the sage;
"Life is but a journey
Taken in a stage."

Spinsters "fair and forty,"
Maids in youthful charms,
Suddenly are cast in-
To their neighbors' arms!
Children shoot like squirrels
Darting through the cage;
Isn't it delightful,
Riding in a stage?

Bonnets crushed around us,
Hats "look worse for wear,"
Teeth, at each concussion,
Fly to take the air;
Shriveled maiden ladies,
Past a "certain age,"
Groan forth ruly—"Dreadful
Riding in a stage!"

Jolted—thumped—distracted—
Racked, and quite forlorn—
"Oh!" cries one, "what duties
Now are laid on corn!"
Mad, disgusted, angry,
In a swearing rage,
'Tis the very mischief
Riding in a stage!

HINTS ON CLEANLINESS.

The following facts, taken from Dr. Alcott's new work, entitled "Lectures on Life and Health," exhibit in a manner somewhat striking the necessity of ventilating and cleaning cellars, wells, &c.:

"In the early part of my career as a medical practitioner, I was called to the house of a wealthy farmer whose numerous family had been alarmed by the sudden appearance in their midst of a severe disease, of the typhoid dysenteric character. I found the family in great trouble, indeed the whole neighborhood greatly agitated and distressed.

On examination for local causes of what seemed to be a local disease—it was the month of September—I found the cellar and all the premises in a condition which left little room for doubt. The cellar had not been cleaned that year, if indeed in two or three years. It was full, so to speak, of half putrid cabbages and cabbage leaves, decayed potatoes, and apples ciderless, remnants of animal substances—some of them quite putrescent—and mouldy shelves and bins. The house, well, vault, sty, and I had almost said the barn and barn-yard, were in a sort of concavity or basin; and their filthy contents, when put in a liquid state by the rains or otherwise, appeared likely to have intercommunication. Besides this, the sink was close to the well, the water of which was low.

The premises were cleaned and ventilated; the sick—what had not died—were taken care of, and no longer permitted to inhale carburetted and sulphurated hydrogen gas; the alarm ceased; the rest of the patients, except one, recovered, and no more disease prevailed among them, as far as I could learn, for many years.

In the town where I now reside, (Newton, Mass.,) is a large manufacturing village, which, till ten or twelve years ago, had the reputation of being sickly at the close of summer or the beginning of autumn every year. A leading citizen who had just removed to the village—a man of great influence—declared publicly, that from the nature of the case, the disease must be of local origin.

MANAGING A HUSBAND.

This is a branch of female education too much neglected; it ought to be taught with "French, Italian, and the use of the globes." To be sure, as Mrs. Glass most sensibly observes, "first catch your hare," and you must also first catch your husband. But we will suppose him caught—and therefore to be roasted, boiled, stewed or jugged. All these methods of cooking have their matrimonial prototypes. The roasted husband is done to death by the fiery temper, the boiled husband dissolves in the warm water of conjugal tears, the stewed husband becomes ductile by the application of worry, and the jugged husband is fairly subdued by sauce and spice. Women have all a natural genius for having their own way; still the finest talents, like "the finest pianistry in the world," require cultivation. We recommend beginning soon.

When Sir William L—— was setting off on his wedding excursion, while the bride was subsiding from the pellucid lightness of white satin and blonde, into the delicate darkness of the lilac silk travelling dress, the lady's maid rushed into his presence with a torrent, not of tears, but of words. His favorite French valet had put out all the bandboxes that had been previously stored with all feminine ingenuity in the carriage. Of course on the happiest day of his life, Sir William could not "hint a fault or hesitate dislike," and he therefore ordered the interesting exiles to be replaced. "Ver vell, Sare William," said the prophetic gentleman's gentleman, "you let yourself be bandboxed now, you'll be bandboxed all your life."

The prediction of the masculine Cassandra of the curling-irons was amply fulfilled. Poor Sir William! One of his guests, a gentleman whose wits might have belonged to a Leeds clothier, for they were always wool-gathering, confounded the bridal with one of those annual festivities when people cruelly give you joy of having made one more step to your grave; this said guest, at his wedding, literally wished him many happy returns of the day! The polite admirer of the bandboxes found, however, one anniversary quite sufficient, without any returns.

Now, we do consider it somewhat hard "to drag at each remove" such a very perceptible chain; it might as well have been wreathed, or gilded, or even pinchbacked. A friend of mine, Mrs. Francis Seymour, does the thing much better. We shall give a domestic dialogue in Cutzon Street, by way of example to the rising generation.

"I have been at Doubiggin's this morning, my love," said Mrs. Seymour, while helping the soup; "he has two such lovely Sevre tables, portraits of Louis the Fourteenth's beauties; you must let me have them for the drawing-room, they are such loves."

COURAGE.

Agricultural.

HINTS ABOUT HARNESS.

For several years past, we have adopted the following plan of treating *Carriage Harness*, with so much comfort and success, that we have concluded to recommend it to you for working and carriage harness.

The whole thing may be comprised in a few words. "With hot water, soap, brushes, and scrapers make your harness perfectly clean.—Next saturate with oil, lastly, a water-proof elastic polish and blacking."

For your information, we detail to you how we go about accomplishing these results. Select some afternoon with a prospect of a fair day following. Take your harness and take it to pieces, as far as you can unbuckle it. Put them into a tub or barrel, and pour boiling soap suds over them, and let them stand all night. In the morning, take a stiff brush, or corn cobs, or something else of the same sort, and with a smooth board in place of a wash-board, with fresh water and soap, rub the coat of grease and dirt off each side of the leather. Sometimes it is necessary to use a dull old knife to scrape with. Pass each strap through a second clean water, and hang up on a line, exposed to the sun. As soon as they begin to dry, begin to oil them. Neatsfoot oil is best, but fish oil will do very well. Make a brush by wrapping some flannel round a stick, and tying it with thread, dip this in the oil, and pass over both sides. As it dries in, go over them again and again, until they will absorb no more oil. Let them stay out over night.

In the morning, if they are all soft and pliable, you may proceed to apply a varnish. If not, put on more oil until they do get soft and pliable.

The polish is made as follows: Take a pint of fish or neatsfoot oil, add four ounces of beeswax, four ounces clean beef tallow, one ounce rosin, and an ounce of lamp black. Melt;—when melted, add about two tablespoonfuls of turpentine, and with flannel cloths commence rubbing the harness both sides, draw the straps through and through the flannel. The polish must always be applied warm as the hands can bear it. Let your harness hang out one night. Take warm water and soap and wash all the black off, which will come off with sponge or cloths. Hang up, and in an hour or so, you can buckle together again, and it is fit for use. You will now have soft harness, with a dull shiny jet black surface, which will keep so for a whole year, if you have put oil enough on them to render them as soft as woollen cloth. They will retain this dull shiny black all Summer, and mud will never stay on long after it is dry.

MEXICAN WILD POTATOES.

... one; it is only a temporary one for experiment, to test the principle, but from what the editor has seen of it, he has no doubt it will be perfected so that it can be made to pick from five hundred to eight hundred pounds of cotton per day. It is simple in construction and light in weight, and is the invention of a Mr. Berdine. If the machine, when perfected, can do what is claimed for it, it will be of immense benefit to the planting interest.

For the Young.

FERMENTATION.

Q. Why is *porter* much *darker* than ale or beer?

A. Because the malt of which porter is made, is dried at a higher temperature, and slightly *charred*.

Small beer is a weak wort fermented, and contains 1½ per cent. of alcohol.
Ale is a stronger wort, and contains 7 per cent. of alcohol.
Porter contains 4½ per cent. of alcohol.
Brown Stout contains 6½ per cent. of alcohol.
Burton Ale contains 8½ per cent. of alcohol.
N. B.—"Wort" is the fermentable infusion of malt or grain.

Q. What is the *froth* or *scum* of fermented *liquors*?

A. Putrefying glutinous substances (of a nature similar to yeast,) which rise to the surface from their *lightness*.

Q. Why is *beer flat* if the cask be left open too long?

A. Because too much of the *carbonic acid gas* (produced by fermentation) is suffered to escape.

Q. Why are *beer* and *porter* made *stale* by being exposed to the *air*?

A. Because too much of the *carbonic acid gas* (produced by fermentation) is suffered to escape.

Q. Why does *beer* turn *flat* if the *vent peg* be left out of the tub?

A. Because the *carbonic acid gas escapes* through the vent hole.

Q. Why does milk turn *sour* by *keeping*?

A. Because it undergoes a *fermentation*; during which "lactic acid" is formed, which turns the milk sour.

The lactic acid is formed from the sugar of milk by fermentation.

Q. Why does *milk* turn *sour* in *hot* weather much sooner than in *cold*?

A. Because heat very greatly accelerates the process of *fermentation*; during which lactic acid is formed, which turns the milk sour.

Q. Why can you *never boil stale milk* without curdling it?

A. Because stale milk is in an incipient state of *fermentation*, which the heat of the fire greatly accelerates; the lactic acid which is formed during fermentation, mixing with the casein of the milk, coagulates it.

Q. Why does a small portion of *corrosive sublimate* keep *paste* from turning *sour*?

A. Corrosive sublimate being a powerful *antiseptic*, prevents *fermentation*, which is the cause of the paste turning *sour*.

Q. What is *bread*?

A. It is a kind of food prepared generally from the *flour of wheat*, mixed with water to a dough, and submitted to the action of heat, to bake. This kind of bread is called *unfermented* or *unleavened* bread.

Q. What is *leavened* bread?

A. It is flour mixed to a dough with water, to which is added a little *leaven*, (or dough which has been fermented) or *yeast*.—*From "Familiar Science," edited by R. E. Peterson.*

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 25 letters.

My 12, 24, 2, 23, is a part of the body.
My 6, 4, 5, 6, is what we ought to cling to.
My 20, 18, 13, 10, is what we are apt to dread.
My 27, 6, 4, is a post office in Washington co., N. C.
My 19, 21, 7, 19, 3, 4, 23, 8, 16, is the capitol of one of the States.
My 4, 1, 17, 11, was one of the Roman emperors.
My 13, 14, 3, 23, 6, 16, is a town in which one of the most celebrated Latin poets was buried.
My 19, 23, 3, 16, is a range of mountains in Europe.
My 21, 9, 20, 8, 19, is a country in Asia.

J. W.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 14 letters.

My 1, 10, 9, is an Irishman's nickname.
My 2, 13, 3, was a general in the Revolution.
My 3, 9, 13, is a part of a house.
My 4, 7, 8, is a very industrious insect.
My 6, 1, 4, 11, 3, is an excellent fruit.
My 7, 6, 1, is what we all like to take.
My 9, 4, 7, is the front division of an army.
My 11, 6, 5, 9, is a tool used by shoemakers.
My 13, 10, 9, is what we all can do.

WM. GREGG.

Wheeling, Va.

CHARADE.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

CONUNDRUMS.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

The Olio.

MUY HERMOSA!

Oh, wondrous fair that maiden seems—
The maiden I call mine—
Shine forth thou melting ruby light
Which gleams through Spanish wine,
And show that the hue of my lady's lips,
Is redder far than thine!

And dash once more thou foamy wave,
High on the dark grey sand;
And show if the glittering sea-foam be
As white as my true love's hand!

And leap once more thou dolphin fleet,
Fast darting through the brine!
Oh, in the dance my lady's feet
Are swifter than leaps of thine—
Oh, wondrous fair that maiden seems—
That maiden I call mine.

C. G. LELAND.

THE HOMESTEAD OF JEFFERSON.—A recent visitor to Monticello, thus writes of Jefferson's once beautiful residence:

"The estate is now in possession of a naval officer, who makes it his summer residence. We found on the first floor a bust of Jefferson, a portrait of Lafayette, one of Washington, and a couple of miniature 'Hard Cider' barrels, with 'Whig Principles' written on them. The estate is in a very dilapidated condition. The stone fences are falling down. But a small portion of the soil is cultivated, the gardens bloom no more, and the ivy clings but timidly to the walls. Mr. Jefferson had some queer notions concerning his domestic matters. He had 'subterranean passages' constructed, leading from his house to the quarters of the servants, so they could carry on their work and still not be seen by the guests. Among other things he built a 'wind mill,' on a high elevation, (so my friend informed me, who knew him well, and was acquainted with all his peculiarities,) but after its completion, having spent a considerable amount of money in its erection, the question was proposed to him by his mill-wright, 'How in the world were logs to be raised to such a height?' This was a poser to Mr. Jefferson; the mill worked admirably, but there was no way to get the material to it to work on, and so the project failed, and portions of the 'old mill' stand, a monument of his folly."

BLUE BEARD AND HIS CASTLE.—The ruins of the Chateau de la Verier, on the banks of the Erdre, in the department of the Loire Inferieure, are, according to the tradition of the neighboring peasantry, those of the castle of the celebrated Blue Beard, the hero of the well known nursery tale. The formidable personage, who is not altogether a creature of fancy, was Giles ...